ODES
ON
Several SUBJECTS.

ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ.

ΧΡΥΣΟΝ ΕΥΧΟΝΤΑΙ, ΠΕΔΙΟΝ Δ' ΕΤΕΡΟΙ
ΑΠΕΡΑΝΤΟΝ. ΕΤΩ Δ' ΑΣΤΟΙΣ ΑΔΩΝ, ΚΑΙ
ΧΘΟΝΙ ΓΥΙΑ ΚΑΛΥΨΑΙ·
Μ', ΑΙΝΕΩΝ ΑΙΝΗΤΑ, ΟΜΟΜ-
ΦΑΝ Δ' ΕΠΙΣΠΕΙΡΩΝ ΑΛΗΤΡΟΙΣ.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ODES were written at very diſtant intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expreſſion and verſification. The author pretends chiefly to the merit of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the beſt models. From what the ancients have left of this kind, perhaps the ODE may be allow'd the moſt amiable ſpecies of poetry; but certainly there is none which in modern languages has been generally attempted with ſo little ſucceſs. For the perfection of lyric poetry depends, beyond that of any other, on the beauty of words and the gracefulneſs of numbers; in both which reſpects the ancients had infinite advantages above us. A conſideration which will alleviate the author's diſappointment, if he too ſhould be found to have miſcarried.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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ODE I.

Alluſion to HORACE.

--------*Ego, apis Matinæ*
More, modoque, &c. Lib. iv. Od. ii.

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
Where yonder limes behold their ſhade
Along the glaſſy ſtream,
With HORACE and his tuneful caſe
I'll reſt from crouds, and care's diſeaſe,
And ſummer's piercing beam.

Behold

ODE I.

Behold the buſy, wand'ring BEE!
From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree
She ſweeps mellifluous dews;
For her the ſilken gems ariſe,
For her diſplay their ſhining dyes,
Their balmy breath diffuſe.

Sweet Murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This pleaſurable ſcene deform
To check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhow'rs and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labr'er thus to hail,
And lucky be the ſtrain!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

Like

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
And river-banks and fruitful greens
Delights my vagrant ſong;
Nor ſtrives by ſoaring high in air,
Tho' ſwans and eagles triumph there,
To draw the giddy throng!

Nor where the raven, where the owl
By night their hateful orgies howl,
Will ſhe her cares imploy;
But flies from ruins and from graves,
From ghoſtly cells and monkiſh caves
To day-light and to joy.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns th' ungrateful ſtores to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to others' uſe
The bitter hemlock's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her mingled wealth;
And when the lovely task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II.

ON the WINTER-SOLSTICE,

M. D. CC. XL.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And Northward bend his golden reins.
Prone on POTOSI's haughty brow
His fiery ſtreams inceſſant flow,
Ripening the ſilver's ductile ſtores;
While, in the cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How faint the light! how thick the air!
Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and froſt,
Fierce winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their chearful bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the warbling waters roll:
Deſarts of ſnow fatigue the eye,
Black ſtorms involve the louring ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

Now thro' the town promiſcuous throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
To charm the midnight hours conſpire.
While mute and ſhrinking with her fears,
Each blaſt the cottage-matron hears
As o'er the hearth ſhe ſits alone:
At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
The night is dark and deep the road;
She ſighs and wiſhes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray;
Now, now he climbs the Northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the ſtormy waſte,
Be land and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing;
And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
All freſh with dews and opening blooms,
Already hails th' emerging ſpring.

O fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hov'ring tempeſt fly,
That now fermenting loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views
Presume on nature and her laws;
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
Th' indulgence of the sov'reign cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Thro' this majestic frame of things
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempers every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful courts to tread
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
With every laurel fresh-display'd;
While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
Or bend to PLATO's godlike tongue
Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
Bids leave the ſtudious page awhile,
Then eaſier joys the ſoul unbend,
And teach the brow a ſofter ſmile;
Then while the genial glaſs is paid
By each to her, that faireſt maid,
Whoſe radiant eyes his hopes obey,
What lucky vows his boſom warm!
While abſence heightens every charm,
And love invokes returning MAY.

MAY! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
When will thy happy morn ariſe?
When the dear place which gave her birth
Reſtore LUCINDA to my eyes?
There while ſhe walks the wonted grove,
The ſeat of muſic and of love,
Bright as the ONE primæval fair,
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Thither, gay ſmiles and young deſires,
Chaſt hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read
The wonted ſoftneſs in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ofter to thy name attun'd,
And riſing to diviner ſound,
I'll wake the free HORATIAN ſong
Old TYNE ſhall liſten to my tale,
And ECHO, down the bord'ring vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

Againſt SUSPICION.

O Fly! 'Tis dire SUSPICION's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorc'reſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold——her garments drop with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon thro' every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

Then

Then come the hours of ſhame and fear;
Then hints of horror ſeize your ear;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the deep diſcord of the brain,
As light'ning ſhines along the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love
Which once you would applaud,
Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Malignant fancy longs to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

Farewel to virtue's peaceful times!
For ſoon you'll ſtoop to act the crimes
You thus can ſtoop to fear:
When vice begins her ugly train
With wrongs of ſuch unmanly ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

'Tis

'Tis thus, to work her baleful pow'r,
SUSPICION waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care th' infirmer boſom wrings,
Or EURUS ſhakes his gloomy wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſt,
Which firſt beheld your candid breaſt,
To groundleſs fears a prey;
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What Pow'r unſeen diffuſes far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What Genius ſmiles on every flood?
What GOD, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every heart be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose breath awak'd th' immortal flame
That moves my active veins;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Hast doubled all my future joys,
And half disarm'd my pains;

Let universal CANDOUR fill,
Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor THIS, nor THAT man's crooked views,
One mean or cruel doubt infuse
To injure human kind.

ODE IV.

TO

A GENTLEMAN whose MISTRESS had married an Old Man.

INDEED, my PHÆDRIA, if to find
That gold a female's vow can gain,
If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules
You learnt of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case;
And tho' with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You seem the lady's loss to bear,
Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,
And thinks my censure mighty wrong
To count it such a slight affair

ODE IV.

When HESPER gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Slow-wand'ring thro' the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning-ſcenes of love:
Her tender look, her graceful way,
The pretty things you heard her ſay,
Afreſh your ſtruggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your ſoul intire?
Does wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh or ſtifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the fav'rite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While ſide by ſide the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage half-afraid,

Ye guardian pow'rs of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the gen'rous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth and opening charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O worthy price of beauty ſold!

Ceaſe then to gaze, unthankful boy;
Let, let her go, the venal fair!
Unworthy ſhe to give you joy;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe give you care?
Lay, lay your myrtle garland down,
And let the willow's virgin-crown
With happier omens bind your hair.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land!
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where PLATO's olive courts your eye,
Where HAMDEN's laurel blooms on high,
He lifts his heav'n-directed hand.

When theſe are blended on your brow,
The willow will be nam'd no more;
Or if that love-deſerted bough
The pitying, laughing girls deplore,
Yet ſtill ſhall I, moſt freely ſwear,
Your dreſs has much a better air
Than all that ever bridegroom wore.

ODE

ODE V.

Hymn to CHEARFULNESS,

The Author Sick.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire!
——Alas, in vain I try within
To raiſe the dull, dejected ſcene,
While rouz'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
'Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room!

ODE V.

Is there in nature no kind pow'r
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, CHEARFULNESS, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the painful cloud of care;
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleaſure's queen!
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Attune my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.

As once ('twas in ASTRÆA's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal LOVE
Was ranging thro' the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy,

He ſaw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the roſy MAY;
The fragrant AIRS and genial HOURS
Were ſhedding round him dews and flow'rs;
Before his wheels AURORA paſt,
And HESPER's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When HEALTH majeſtic mov'd along
All gay with ſmiles, to ſee below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth inliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and ſwains rejoice;
Then mighty LOVE her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing CHEARFULNESS was born.

Thou, CHEARFULNESS, by heav'n deſign'd
To rule the pulſe, that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever chance or nature brings

To ſtrain the tuneful poize within,
And diſarrange the ſweet machine,
Thou, Goddeſs, with a maſter-hand
Doſt each attemper'd key command,
Refine the ſoft and ſwell the ſtrong,
Till all is concord, all is ſong.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Beſt baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the ſcene where thou art by;
No ſick'ning huſband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r;
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waſte on hopeleſs heirs;
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother riſes to the friend:
By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,
By thee with ſongs their walks reſound,
By thee their ſprightly mornings ſhine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold

Behold the youth, whoſe trembling heart
Beats high with love's unpitied ſmart;
Tho' now he ſtrays by rills and bow'rs,
And weeping wears the lonely hours,
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the ſoft ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents falt'ring into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious pow'r, with eaſe,
Can'ſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again;
And may the votive lay diſcloſe
How much to thy fair aid ſhe owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the ſtores of fancy ſhine!

Hark, when thy breath her ſong impells,
How full the tuneful current ſwells!
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Inſtruct the nightly ſtrains of Y——;
But thine was HOMER's ancient might,
And thine victorious PINDAR's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the *Leſbian meads;
Thy voice awak'd †Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡Teian roſe,
And Tibur's vine ſpontaneous flows
While HORACE wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the ſick'ning ſage,
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſart-ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,

He

He ſees the nightly damps ariſe,
And gath'ring ſtorms involve the ſkies;
He hears the neighb'ring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole;
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He pants to traverſe nature's ways:
His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
He views ten thouſand dæmons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blots the throne of GOD.
— O thou, whoſe pleaſing pow'r I ſing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpell the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour

To

To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe
Who founds in diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues the hoſtile forms to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſt.

O thou, whoſe pleaſing pow'r I ſing!
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace corroding care.
But moſt exert thy genial pow'r
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my AGIS leads the road
To fearleſs wiſdom's high abode,
Or, warm in freedom's ſacred cauſe,
Purſues the light of Græcian laws,
Attend, and grace our generous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy ſmiles.

But

But if, by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent, tender themes
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may chear,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that charming ſenſe of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VI.

On the Abſence of the Poetic Inclination.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Why, why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Why thus forſook my widow'd breaſt,
With dark infeebling damps oppreſs'd?
Where is the bold prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted ſhades and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my Genius to divineſt themes?

Say, can the purple charms of wine,
Or young DIONE's form divine,
Or flatt'ring ſcenes of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Have ſoft, melodious airs the pow'r
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid th' Elyſian train,
The ſoul of MILTON ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome cœleſtial ſtrain?

O mighty mind! O ſacred flame!
My ſpirit kindles at his name;
Again my lab'ring boſom burns;
The Muſe, th' inſpiring Muſe returns!
Such on the banks of TYNE confeſt,
I hail'd the bright, ethereal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bad me ſwear to follow HER alone.

ODE VII.

To a FRIEND, on the Hazard of falling in LOVE.

NO, foolish boy — To virtuous fame
If how thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's inchanting snare;
His dances, his delights beware,
Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowry pomp of ease adorn:

But Love diſſolves the nerve of thought;
By Love unmanly fears are taught;
And Love's reward with ſlothful arts is bought.

True, where the Muſes, where the pow'rs
Of ſofter wiſdom, eaſier wit,
Aſſiſt the Graces and the Hours
To render beauty's praiſe compleat,
The fair may then perhaps impart
Each finer ſenſe, each winning art,
And more than ſchools adorn the manly heart.

If then, from Love's deceit ſecure,
Such bliſs be all thy heart intends,
Go, where the white-wing'd evening-hour
On DELIA's vernal walk deſcends:
Go, while the pleaſing, peaceful ſcene
Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
Sweet as her ſmiles, and as her brow ſerene.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands;
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O DELIA, win my thoughts to thine,
That half thy graces ſeem already mine.

Yet conſcious of the dang'rous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor once relax my reaſon's ſway.
But thou, my friend — What ſudden ſighs?
What means the bluſh that comes and flies?
Why ſtop? why ſilent? why avert thy eyes?

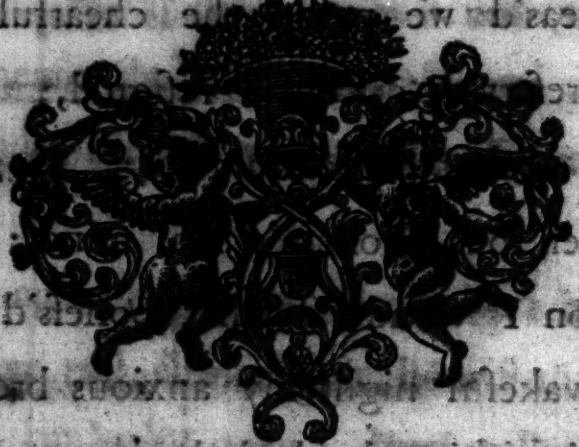
So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy pow'r.

In vain with friendſhip's flatt'ring name
Thy paſſion maſks its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treach'rous fuel of thy flame!

Once, I remember, tir'd of Love,
I ſpurn'd his hard, tyrannic chain,
Yet won the haughty fair to prove
What ſober joys in friendſhip reign.
No more I ſigh'd, complain'd, or ſwore;
The nymph's coy arts appear'd no more,
But each could laugh at what we felt before.

Well-pleas'd we paſs'd the chearful day,
To unreſerv'd diſcourſe reſign'd,
And I inchanted to ſurvey
One gen'rous woman's real mind:
But ſoon I wonder'd what poſſeſs'd
Each wakeful night my anxious breaſt;
No other friendſhip e'er had broke my reſt!

Fool that I was——And now, ev'n now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Dione's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend! when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?



ODE VIII.

On leaving HOLLAND.

ADIEU to LEYDEN's lonely bound,
The BELGIAN muse's loger seat;
Where shedding frugal gifts around
On all the favrites at her feet,
She feeds the body's bulky fraime
For passive, perseveting toils;
And left, for some ambitious aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal foggs to damp its restless flame.

Adieu the grave, pacific vair,
Safe from the flitting mountain-breeze;
The marshy, levels lank and bare,
Sacred from furrowe, hills or trees;

ODE VIII.

Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,
Untaught to murmur or to flow:
Adieu the * muſic of the mud,
That ſooths at eve the patient lover's woe,
And wakes to ſprightlier thoughts the painful poet's blood.

With looks ſo froſty, and with ſteps ſo tame,
Ye careful nymphs, ye houſehold things, adieu;
Not once ye taught me love's or friendſhip's flame,
And where is he that ever taught it you?
And ye, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion links from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where freedom in the ſtreets is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

O native ALBION, when to thee
Shall I return to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolour'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,

When

* The Frogs.

When ſhall I plow thy azure tides,
And, as thy fleece-white hills aſpire,
Bleſs the fair ſhade that on their ſides
Imbow'rs the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While the green hedge, below, the golden ſlope divides?

Ye nymphs that guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murm'ring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's unpropitious hand;
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of ALBION, guard your votive lyre!
O blooming god of Theſpia's laurell'd quire,

Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin-deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round thy liſt'ning father's throne?
Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above the ſoft Italian's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh wreaths of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton ſloth's luxurious charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To *Ashley's wiſdom, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame,

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic Valour ſtill attends,
And uſeful Science pleas'd to ſee
How Art her ſtudious toil extends.

* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

While

While Truth, diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye,
Till, pierc'd and ſinking by her pow'rful ray,
Tame Sloth and monkiſh Awe, like nightly Dæmons, fly.

Hence all the land the Patriot's ardour ſhares;
Hence dread Religion ſmiles with ſocial joy;
Hence the free boſom's ſofteſt, lovelieſt cares,
Each graceful ſcene of private life imploy,
O fair BRITANNIA, hail!——With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to a foreign fame;
But when from gen'rous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
There public zeal defies the teſt of blame.

ODE IX.

To Sleep.

THOU ſilent pow'r, whoſe balmy ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Fatigue and toiling pain grow mild,
Love is with ſweet ſucceſs beguil'd,
And ſad remorſe forgets her ſecret wound;
O whither haſt thou flown, indulgent God?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
O'er whom doſt thou extend thy magic rod?
Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuſe?

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.

The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bow'rs;
No wakeful ſound the moonlight valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

O let not me thus watch alone!
O hear my ſolitary moan!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the ſtateſman's thorny down,
Or where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murd'rer's reſt;
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier burns to ſee,
Nor thoſe that haunt the tyrant's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

Nor yet thoſe awful joys preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtning ſenate, and the laws
Bent on the dictates of * TIMOLEON's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
And tho' they ſhine to youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days,
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

Bleſt be my fate! I need not pray
That loveſick dreams be kept away:
No female charms, of fancy born,
Nor damaſk cheek, nor ſparkling eye,
With me the bands of ſleep untie,
Or ſteal by minutes half the ſauntring morn.

Nor

* After Timoleon had deliver'd Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, ask'd his advice, and voted according to his deciſion. PLUTARCH.

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile,
(A lighter phantom and a baſer chain)
Bids wealth and place the fever'd night beguile,
To gall my waking hours with more vexatious pain.

But, Morpheus, on thy dewy wing
Such fair auſpicious viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great MILTON's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The tribes unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heav'nly page:
Or ſuch as MEAD's benignant fancy knows,
When health's kind treaſures, by his art explor'd
Have ſav'd the infant from an
Or to the trembling ſire his age'

ODE X.

On LYRIC Poetry.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian quire,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Græcian lyre,
Admit me to thy ſecret ſtrain —
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
[illegible] her verdant ſeat,
[illegible] drink the ſound,
[illegible]g, liſt'ning round,
[illegible]t.
[illegible] ſing:
[illegible]me;
[illegible]pring
[illegible] bloom.

Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me liſten to his lay,
While flow'ry dreams my ſoul employ;
While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the feſtal pow'rs,
Lead youth and love, and harmleſs joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threat'ning hand,
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curſt of Gods and freeborn men,
Ye murd'rers of the laws,
Tho' now you glory in your luſt,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous JOVE will judge your dreadful cauſe.

* ALCÆUS of Mitylene, the capital of Leſbos, who fled from his native city to eſcape the oppreſſion of thoſe who had inſlav'd it, and wrote againſt them in his exile thoſe noble invectives which are ſo much applauded by the ancient Critics.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs,
Deſcends the radiant Queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?---- Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?---- HE too ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?---- HE ſhall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughtieſt vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To eccho that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * Man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of JOVE at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame,

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below. ---- Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy hallow'd ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
To poliſh Albion's warlike ear
This long-loſt melody to hear,
Thy ſweeteſt arts imploy;
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas return'd the vocal joy.

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
The looſe-rob'd forms of wild deſire
With lawleſs notes intun'd thy ſong,
To ſhamful ſteps diſſolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaſte, be ſtill with me
From ſuch profaner diſcord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful ſhade,
No frantic ſhouts of Thracian dames,
No Satyrs fierce with ſavage flames
Thy pleaſing accents ſhall invade.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flow'rs of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings attune their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by JOVE was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

Oft as from ſtricter hours reſign'd
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care and wealthy age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts ingage.

With me, when mirth's conſenting band
Around fair friendſhip's genial board
Invite thy heart-awakening hand,
With me ſalute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O ſeek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nourish freedom's veſtal flame,
I hear my Genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

F I N I S.